NON
SANS
DROICT

THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

TWELFTH NIGHT

D. MACLISE. R.A. PINXT.

Malvolio.

SHAKESPEARE

TWELFTH NIGHT
OR
WHAT YOU WILL

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CONTENTS

PAGE

Introduction 9

Text of Play 21

Notes 139

Glossary 145

INTRODUCTION

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Still one of the comedies of Shakspere's bright, sweet time. True that we have to change Rosalind's rippling laugh for the drunken catches and bibulous drollery of Sir Toby Belch and his comrade, and Touchstone for the clown; but the leading note of the play is fun, as if Shakspere had been able to throw off all thought of melancholy, and had devised Malvolio to help his friends "fleet the time carelessly," as they did in the golden world. Still though, as ever in the comedies, except *The Merry Wives*, there 's the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine. Olivia's father and brother just dead, Viola and Sebastian just rescued from one death, Viola threatend with another, and Antonio held a pirate and liable to death. And still the lesson is, as in *As You Like It*, "Sweet are the uses of adversity"; out of their trouble all the lovers come into happiness, into wedlock. The play at first sight is far less striking and interesting than *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*. No brilliant Beatrice or Benedick catches the eye, no sad Rosalind leaping into life and

joyousness at the touch of assured love. Instead of them, instead of the manly young Orlando, the self-conceited Malvolio is brought to the front, the drunkards and clown come next; none of these touch any heart; and it's not till we look past them, that we feel the beauty of the characters who stand in half-light behind. Then we become conscious of a quiet harmony of colour and form that makes a picture full of charm, that grows on you as you study it, and becomes one of the possessions of your life. As the two last plays reach backward and forward, so does *Twelfth Night:* to the earliest *Love's Labour's Lost* for the cut at women's painting their faces that we find here; for its men forswearing for three years the company of women, and then of course admitting them and falling in love with the first ones they see, which is the prototype of Olivia abjuring for seven years the company of men, then soon admitting one (as is supposed), falling in love at first sight with him (though he's a woman), and marrying his brother, whom she supposes to be he. For the pair of one family so like as to be mistaken for one another, we go back to the double Antipholus and the double Dromio of Shakspere's second play, *The Comedy of Errors*, which gives us, too, the incidents of both a wife (Antipholus's of Ephesus) and sweetheart (Dromio's of Syracuse) mistaking another man for her husband and her lover (though here Viola is only a woman disguised). To the same play we go for the refusal or denial of money when trusted to one by another, and for the members of a family sunderd

by shipwreck, as we look on to *Pericles* for a somewhat like incident. In the *Errors* we get, too, the saving, though here only of one member of the family, by the binding to a mast. To *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we go for the parallel to Viola sent disguised as a page by Duke Orsino to woo Olivia for him, to the loving Julia sent by the man she loves (Proteus) to woo Sylvia for him. *Romeo and Juliet* gives us in the love-lorn Romeo repulst by Rosalind, and at once giving her up for Juliet, the match of Duke Orsino resigning the longd-for Olivia, and at the moment taking up Viola. *The Merchant of Venice* gives us another Antonio willing to give his life for his friend Bassanio, just as here in *Twelfth Night* Antonio[1] faces danger, nay, death, a pirate's due, for his love to his friend Sebastian. And to the same *Merchant* we surely go for recollections of the opening scene here,

> "That strain again! it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour!"

and for a parallel to the Duke's love of music through the play. *Henry IV.* gives us in Falstaff and his followers the company whence Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek come, as the Second Part of that play gives us Falstaff playing on Justice Shallow as Sir Toby in *Twefth Night* plays on Sir Andrew. Is not also Slender's echoing of Shallow in *Merry Wives* something like Sir Andrew echoing all Sir Toby's

[1] The second self-sacrificing Antonio is Leonato's brother in *Much Ado.*

sayings here, and fancying himself a man for it? As to the reach forward of the play, I've already alluded to its link with *Pericles*. It is to the *Sonnets* that we turn for a parallel (9) to Viola's pleading with Olivia to marry the Duke, and not forbear to leave a copy of her beauty to the world, an idea which has found expression also in *Romeo* (Act I., sc. i., p. 30), and to the *Sonnets* to his mistress for Shakspere's love of music; while to match Viola's entire devotion even to death to the Duke's most unjust will we must look forward, even past the *Sonnets*, to the true and loving Imogen's willingness to die in obedience to her deceived and headstrong husband's iniquitous sentence of death on her (*Cymb.*, III. iv.). Note, too, that it is with Perdita of *Winter's Tale* that Mrs. Jamieson mainly compares Viola, though, as we have seen, Julia in *The Two Gentlemen* is in circumstances nearest her. The interest of this middle time of Shakspere's work is to me great, showing as it does the development of his early powers, the forecast of his later ones. It is at once the fulfilment of the old promise of his genius, and the prophecy of the new.

Viola is the true heroine of the play. She is sad for her brother's supposed death, yet she hopes with the hopefulness of youth and her own escape. She doesn't mope or shut herself up like Olivia, but, like Juliet, looks disaster full in the face, and at once takes practical steps for her future life. Sympathy with Olivia's loss draws Viola first to her, but as she can't enter her service, she resolves to go into the Duke's (Shakspere's women of course take naturally to boys'

disguises, because their characters were always acted by boys).[1] She knows the Duke's love of music; she can sing. Her voice, like Cordelia's, was ever soft, gentle, and low, "an excellent thing in woman;" and in the Duke's love-lorn state, Viola is the very person for him. He wants sympathy, and she gives it him; into her gentle breast he pours the sorrows of his secret soul. Her pity for him opens her heart to him; but how bitter-sweet were his confidences to her! Still, his happiness, not hers, is what she wants, and she'll win it him, though in doing so she break her heart. Valentine has faild, but she 'll not fail: he was urged by duty, she by love. Olivia she *will* see and does see. (Notice the woman's curiosity to see her rival's face and compare it with her own, as Julia does Sylvia's picture after seeing her in *The Two Gentlemen:* both loved ones have, like Chaucer's ladies, "eyes grey as glass.") Then note how in pleading Orsino's cause, through all her words her own love for the Duke speaks, just as in Chaucer's description of his duke's love, Blanche, the young poet describes and praises his own love. Note too the difference between the real love that Viola describes, and the fancied love the Duke feels (Romeo's for Rosalind).

[1] "The boys who acted Rosalind, Viola, and Julia, had the difficult task of pretending to be girls disguised as boys. In spite of all this, it may be doubted whether Shakespeare has not suffered more than he has gained by the genius of latter day actresses, who bring into the plays a realism and a robust emotion which sometimes obscure the clear poetic value of the author's conception. The boys were no doubt very highly trained and amenable to instruction; so that the parts of Rosalind and Desdemona may well have been rendered with a clarity and simplicity which served as a transparent medium for the author's wit and pathos."—Prof. Raleigh's *Shakespeare* 1907, pp. 119-120. I don't share Prof. Raleigh's doubt.—F. J. F.

Had his love been like Viola's, no refusal, no rebuff, would have kept him from Olivia's feet. (Contrast Viola's tenderness to Olivia with Rosalind's sharpness to Phœbe.) Then comes the touching scene between Viola and the Duke, where the music makes her speak masterly of love, where Shakspere reveals his own heart's history with his aged wife, and where Viola herself, in answer to the Duke's fancied greatness of his love, gives him such hints of her own far deeper devotion to him, that, though she never told her love, no man but one blinded by phantasm could have faild to catch the meaning of her words. But still she will appeal again to his unwilling love, Olivia, for him. Then comes the last scene. The man she loves, forgetting he 's a man, out of spite threatens her with death, and she will take it joyfully for him, whom she then declares she loves more than her life. At last the Duke, seeing that Olivia is impossible to him, turns to his friend and confidante, his half-self, now woman, and challenges the fulfilment of her oft-repeated vows. She denies them not, but confesses she loves him still. She has what she wills, and all is happiness and peace. The Duke has a fanciful nature like Olivia. He is one of your dreamy musical men, and Romeo is his parallel in the earlier time. Still, he is a man not to be despised, one of a rich, beautiful, artistic nature, had music in his soul, loved flowers, would make a husband tender and true, and say the prettiest, sweetest things to his wife.

"A great deal of careful work," says Munro, "has been expended by the great dramatist on the other

characters of the play. The two captains are splendid, solid men, true-hearted and faithful in adversity, exceptional, perhaps, in the London of Shakspere,—then as now the meeting-place of diverse types of different nationalities,—but such men as long service on the sea often breeds. Toby Belch is a poor, fallen specimen of a knight; he has sworn eternal enmity to respectability, thinks carousing late equivalent to being up early, and excuses his open roguery with a comic invective and humorous allusion, which in themselves are highly diverting. We are tempted to forgive his wildness for his wit, such as it is, until we know the truth about his foolish and hopeless dupe, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. Toby has filcht him of his money and would rob him of his horse, turns his poor brain with flattering insinuation, feeds his unbounded conceit on every occasion, and twists him this way and that, as circumstances require, like a weathercock in the wind. Sir Andrew thinks himself a bully and a fighter, and Sir Toby helps him to that conclusion, but we see how he behaves before the timid Viola, and he has not the sense to see his 'friends' are playing with him. The highest reaches of his intellect are to echo the bibulous witticisms of Sir Toby, and to compose the most foolish letter that ever betrayd a man's poor intellect. He is accredited by his friend with knowledge of the tongues, but speedily discloses his own ignorance,—does indeed know a few snatches of French like many of the dandies of his day, but the simplest of words in that language is unknown to him. Malvolio is Toby's antithesis;

he conforms to every law of propriety, is regular, quiet and dutiful. But he, too, is conceited like Sir Andrew, and in that surpasses him. A different station in the world and a different character have developt a different ambition: Sir Andrew aspires to be considerd a bravo and a gallant, such as one might see in St. Paul's Walk or the Paris Garden any day: Malvolio, spending his life in a great house, dreams of himself as the master of such a one; being a servant he would be master of servants; commanded by the fair Olivia, he aspires to be equal to her. He has already dreamt himself wedded to his lady before Maria lays her plot for him. Why not?—"there is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe." Maria's letter was all he wanted. Every word of it was a largesse to his imagination and to his conceit. Its very obscurity was a warrant of its authenticity. Its merest suggestions led him from being a grave and careful puritan to becoming a vain and ridiculous fool. A sounder man would have become immediately sceptical, but Malvolio's caution had departed from him, and he was ready to fall into the snare laid for him by Maria. If his behaviour in the first place was ludicrous, his punishment was pitiful: convicted of madness, he was shut up in the dark, and tormented by people who were not all his superiors. With all his faults he was faithful, and this Olivia knew. She would not have had harm happen to him for half her dowry. Feste, the clown, indulges in verbal quibbles, is affected with the common style of contemporary wit, turning

a sentence inside out like a cheveril glove. This he knows; but yet underneath many of his sayings there lies a wisdom which reminds us of that of Lear's Fool, stript of its bitterness. Feste is not bitter; if we are to judge him by his songs, he has a tender heart that feels pathos in things. He is a good ventriloquist, too, and deceives Malvolio with ease into thinking he is Sir Topas. Maria is the spirit of mischief in the comedy: it is she who brings into juxtaposition the various masculine characters who help in the fun; she plays them one against the other, and in their criticisms apart they have their defects and weaknesses proclaimd. Maria has a strong and healthy nature that turns rather to the freedom of Sir Toby than the narrow and bigoted restraint of Malvolio. She likes laughter, and the steward is so demure. Her own nature leads her to the robuster natures among men. She would have, no doubt, a great difficulty as "my lady" to keep Sir Toby within the bounds of respectability, but she understands him well and is resourceful; and if anybody in the world could do it, she could."

The play as acted on the London boards loses all its romantic beauty. Viola is extinguisht, except in the farce of the challenge, by the drunkards and their spirited catch, "Saturday, Sunday, Monday."

The play was acted at the barristers' feast at the Middle Temple, on February 2, 1601-2, as Manningham tells us in his diary found by Mr. Hunter among the Harleian MSS in the British Museum. He says: "Febr., 1601.—At our feast wee had a play called

Twelve Night, or What You Will, much like *The Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward beleive his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture, in smiling, his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad." The Italian play, *Gl' Inganni* (one by Nicolo Secchi, pr. 1562, another by Curzio Gonzaga, pr. 1592), contains a brother, and a sister so like him drest as a man, as to lead to mistakes like those in Shakspere's play. But another Italian play, *Gl' Ingannati*, pr. 1585, englisht 1862, contains more likenesses to *Twelfth Night*. However, the original that Shakspere used was doubtless Barnaby Rich's History of *Apolonius and Silla*, printed in *Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. i., p. 387, from "Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession," 1581. Rich probably borrowd from Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, tom. iv., Hist. viime, as Belleforest did from Bandello, Pt. II.; novel 36. The comic characters are Shakspere's own; and Olivia and Viola, with Sebastian and the Duke, are infinitely superior to their prototypes in the play called *Gl' Ingannati*. The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623. With it I end the group of the three sparkling, Sunny, or Sweet-time Comedies, the other two being *Much Ado About Nothing* and *As You Like It*. *All's Well that Ends Well*, "the darkening Comedy," though it may be put with its foregoers,

is so different in tone from them that I prefer to keep it by itself. The date of the play is fixt by Manningham's allusion to it in 1601, printed above. It was not mentiond by Meres in 1598, as one of Shakspere's plays. The song, "Farewell, dear heart," II. iii., was first publisht in Robert Jones's *Booke of Ayres*, 1601. The map spoken of by Maria (III. ii.) is a reference to the great map publisht with Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1599–1600.[1] These considerations establish the date with sufficient accuracy as 1601–2.

Canon Ellacombe, in his paper on the seasons of Shakspere's Plays (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880–6, Pt. I.), fixes the season of *Twelfth Night* as probably Spring. Three days are represented in the play, with an interval of three days between the first and second, but there are inconsistencies. Daniel's "Time-Analysis" (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877–79, p. 175).

[1] See Mr. H. L. Coote's paper in the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1877-9, pp. 88-100.

TWELFTH NIGHT:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *Brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN, *Clown,* } *Servants to Olivia.*

OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA, *Sister to Sebastian.*
MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE.—A City in ILLYRIA; and the Sea-coast near it

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again!—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour !—Enough ; no more :
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence !
That instant was I turned into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—

Enter VALENTINE

How now ? what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer :
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiléd walk,

And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and filled—
Her sweet perfections—with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Sea-coast

Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drowned:—what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after your ship did split,
When you, and this poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there 's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope—
Whereto thy speech serves for authority—
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur—as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What 's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear loss,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close-in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee,—and I 'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke :
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him :
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Room in Olivia's House

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights : your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too,—an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among

the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystrel that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo;* for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch, how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have: and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you saw canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it.—I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore

have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. [*Sir* ANDREW *dances.*] Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced:

he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants*

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixéd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love;

Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady:—[*aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—A Room in Olivia's House

Enter Maria *and Clown*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of—I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good

counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: anything that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum:* that 's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly; Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those

things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby!—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, —he 's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. 'Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks

very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will:—as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are,—you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble;
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemnéd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,

And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord:
I cannot love him: let him send no more;—
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'—I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—not too fast;—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes.—Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio.

Re-enter MALVOLIO

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him, I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oil. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be,—and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an

hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Street

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me;—I 'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—if it be so,—as 't is,—
Poor lady, she were better love her dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.—
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him
As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUECHEEK

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar: let us therefore eat and drink.—Maria, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Enter Clown

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of We Three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent

breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock; my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG

Clo. *O mistress mine! where are you roaming?*
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 't is not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I

shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch.*

Enter MARIA

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! [*Sings.*] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings.*] *O, the twelfth day of December,—*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck-up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do show, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time!—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my

lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us ; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser ; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths : the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him : and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his

beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him?

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse, now, would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea. [*Exit* MARIA.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others*

Duke. Give me some music:—now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-pacéd times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,—
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,—
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and Clown*

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love

Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it:
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answered.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so; must she not then be answered?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Olivia's Garden

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue;—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—

Enter MARIA

How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?—

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.—

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!—

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.—

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.—

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye!—

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!—

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them

I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, —to ask for my kinsman Toby.—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.—

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!—

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?—

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'—

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.—

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.—

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.—

Mal. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?—

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.—

Mal. [*Reads.*] *Jove knows, I love;*

But who?

Lips, do not move:

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers

altered!—*No man must know:* if this should be thee,—Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads.*] *I may command, where I adore:*
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.—

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.* Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see.—

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!—

Mal. *I may command, where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I,*—

Sir To. O! ay! make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio :—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.—

Mal. *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.—

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O!*—

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.—

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I* :—this simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let*

thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discover not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let*

it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I.—Olivia's Garden

Enter Viola, *and Clown with a tabor*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church, for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: now quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that 's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if

that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the sun: it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

[*Gives a piece of money.*

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee,—I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir [*gives another piece of money*], 't is well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin,—I might say, element, but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek

Sir To. 'Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my

niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: —but we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA

Most excellent-accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!'—well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' —I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir? 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant, is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you,—
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!—
Grace, and good disposition tend your ladyship!

You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,—

And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN

Sir And. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more

prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou Thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many Lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at thy *cubiculo.* Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad,—some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew,

if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Street

Enter Sebastian *and* Antonio

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire,
More sharp than filéd steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you,—though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts, which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable : my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks ; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay ;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir : best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would, you 'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapséd in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—OLIVIA'S Garden

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he 'll come;—
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about

you, if he come; for sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I 'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Re-enter MARIA *with* MALVOLIO

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:'—'t was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. My yellow stockings?

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant

Serv. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;—'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity;'—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow

be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—— What can be said? Nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you,

Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now,
I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.—But see, but see.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek

Sir And. Here 's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.*

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Thou comest to the Lady Olivia; and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir To. [*reads*] *I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*reads*] *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to*

thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.—If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth,—he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and

drive the gentleman—as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me,—'t is my picture.
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,

That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN

Sir To. Gentlemen, God save thee!

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation; for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you:

therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and selpulchre: hob, nob, is his word: give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech

you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-

in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: they say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—[*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA

[*To* FABIAN.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. [*To Sir* TOBY.] He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To* VIOLA] There 's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for oath's sake: marry, he

hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath. [*Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws*

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir:—and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter two Officers

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To* VIOLA] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much.
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death;

Relieved him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him!
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with* ANTONIO

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination! O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA's House

Enter SEBASTIAN *and Clown*

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow: let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out; i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool: vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me. There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer,

I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir ANDREW

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Enter Sir TOBY *and* FABIAN

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [*Disengages himself.*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached. Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay; come, I prithee. Would thou 'dst be ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S House

Enter MARIA *and Clown*

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes

as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is;' so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan!—I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those

gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy :—sayest thou, that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas : I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no darkness but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are : make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras

ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA

Clo. [*Singing.*] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. *She loves another.*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and

paper : as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio !

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits ?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused : I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well ? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me ; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses ! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say : the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore ! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. —Who, I, sir ? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, Amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper : I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman drivel. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—Olivia's Garden

Enter Sebastian

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't ;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant ;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service ;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I 'm mad,—
Or else the lady 's mad : yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their despatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does : there 's something in 't,
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a Priest*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by ; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say ?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And. having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA'S House

Enter Clown and FABIAN

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an

ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. [*Gives money.*

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once; and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. [*Gives money.*

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind,—one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am

here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers*

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared,
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir ; drew on my side ;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me ;
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies ?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wrack past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication ; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning—
Not meaning to partake with me in danger—
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removéd thing

While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy—
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!—
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants*

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crownéd in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father!
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. [*To* VIOLA.] Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Re-enter Attendant with the Priest

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe—what thou dost know
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract and eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head bleeding*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you

have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting,—you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Clown*

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one: he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help,—an ass-head and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed! and let his hurt be looked to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir* TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you :
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;
A natural pérspective, that is, and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !
How have the hours racked and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee !

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio !

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother ;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
[*To* VIOLA.] Of charity, what kin are you to me ?
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek
And say—Thrice welcome, drownéd Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow,—
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
Seb. O, that recórd is lively in my soul.
He finishéd, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maid's weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To* OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid,

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived.

You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack.

[*To* VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I overswear,

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orbéd continent, the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,

Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his.—

Re-enter Clown, with a letter, and FABIAN

How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do : 'has here writ a letter to you : I should have given 't you to-day morning,—but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman. — [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now ! art thou mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna ; but to read his right wits, is to read thus : therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. [*To* FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it : though you have*

put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used MALVOLIO

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian: bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
[*To* VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,

Here is my hand : you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister !—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand :
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase ;
Or say, 't is not your seal, nor your invention :
You can say none of this : well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people ;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull

That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly passed upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance:
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was followed
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude,—one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.'—But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged:'—and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace,
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

CLOWN *sings*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:—
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 22. **Turned into a hart.**—An allusion to the story of Actæon. One day, whilst hunting, Actæon saw Diana bathing. He was turned into a stag by the resentful goddess, and devoured by his own dogs.

I. i. p. 22. **Till seven years' heat.**—"Until it shall have known the heat of seven summers' sun."

I. ii. p. 23. **Illyria.**—Facing Italy on the Adriatic.

I. ii. p. 24. **Arion.**—Arion was a famous poet and musician of Lesbos. Having acquired great riches in Italy, he was returning to his native isle, when the sailors of his ship resolved to murder him to obtain his wealth. He begged to be allowed to play once more before he died. The sweet sound of his music attracted several dolphins round the vessel, and Arion, throwing himself overboard, was carried safely to land on the back of one of them. He was one of the characters enacted in the great Kenilworth entertainment afforded Elizabeth, and this perhaps partly explains the frequent allusions to him by contemporary poets.

I. ii. p. 24. **A noble duke, &c.**—The Orsini family is one of the oldest and most illustrious in Italy. It boasts of several popes, cardinals, and other distinguished persons among its members.

I. iii. p. 26. **Except before excepted.**—A common legal phrase meaning, "with the exceptions named," but used by Sir Toby in the sense of "object only so far as she has objected at other times."

I. iii. p. 28. **Castiliano vulgo.**—Sir Toby's nonsense Spanish as a hint to Maria to restrain her tongue on the approach of Sir Andrew, the Castilians being noted

for reserve and taciturnity of manner. "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming."

I. iii. p. 28. **Parish-top.**—In former times a large top was kept in every English village, which afforded means for exercise and warmth to the peasantry in cold weather. It was also a source of general amusement.

I. iii. p. 29. **Thought is free.**—From the old proverb: "World is thrall, but thought is free."

I. iii. p. 32. **Taurus.**—Alluding to the astrological belief that the zodiacal signs had correspondence with the various parts of the human body—*Taurus* with the neck and the throat, not "sides and heart" as stated by Sir Andrew.

I. v. p. 41. **A sheriff's post.**—It was the custom for a sheriff to have a post at his door, on which were affixed proclamations and other public announcements.

II. iii. p. 54. **The picture of "We three."**—An ale-house sign and a frequently seen print. The *picture* represented two louts drinking, and beneath was the inscription, "We three loggerheads be," thus making the reader the third.

II. iii. p. 54. **Pigrogromitus.**—A Rabelaisian touch, as Swinburne points out.

II. iii. p. 54. **"O mistress mine."**—This tune appears in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, published in 1599, and unless it was an old song introduced into the Play, as was customary, proves the date of *Twelfth Night* to have been not earlier than that year.

II. iii. p. 55. **"Hold thy peace, thou knave."**—A copy of this three-part song, or catch, is to be found in a book entitled, *Pammelia, Musick's Miscellanie*, 1618. The composition is so contrived that each of the singers in turn calls the other a knave.

II. iii. p. 56. **"Peg-a-Ramsey."**—The name of an old ballad. "*Three merry men be we*," the refrain of several old songs. "*There dwelt a man in Babylon*": from an old

ballad called *Susanna.* See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time.*

II. iii. p. 57. **"Farewell, dear heart."**—This ballad, containing some of the snatches quoted alternately by Sir Toby and the Clown, appears in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*

II. iii. p. 58. **Rub your chain with crumbs.**—Mind your own business. It was usual with stewards in great houses to wear a gold chain as a badge of office and as a mark of distinction over inferior servants. These chains were kept bright by rubbing them with bread-crumbs.

II. iii. p. 60. **Penthesilea.**—A queen of the Amazons who fought with Achilles.

II. v. p. 70. **With cars.**—Various emendations have been suggested—*e.g.* "by th' ears." But the word "drawn" coming earlier in the sentence sufficiently indicates the meaning, "cars" being frequently used by Shakspere for "carts."

II. v. p. 76. **Gates of Tartar.**—An abbreviation of Tartarus. It was a part of the infernal regions, and is described by classical writers as being surrounded by a brazen wall, with gates supported by columns of adamant.

III. i. p. 82. **Westward ho!**—This, and "Eastward ho!" were the cries with which the Thames watermen offered to convey passengers in their boats either westward or eastward of the City.

III. ii. p. 85. **A Brownist.**—An allusion to one of the Puritan sects that took its name from Robert Browne, a noted separatist in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

III. ii. p. 86. **The bed of Ware in England.**—A huge piece of furniture once kept at an inn in the town of Ware. Its dimensions were stated to be twelve feet square, and it was said to be capable of holding twenty-four persons. It is now at Rye House.

III. ii. p. 87. **The new map, &c.**—An allusion to a map appended to the English translation of *Linschoten's*

Voyage, published in 1598, so crossed and recrossed by lines as to give multiplied evidence of Shakspere's simile.

III. iv. p. 96. **Dark room and bound.**—Lunatics were formerly whipt, bound and shut up in the dark.

III. iv. p. 99. **Like cockatrices.**—The cockatrice was a fabulous animal, described as having the body of a serpent and the head of a cock. It was said to have so evil an eye as to kill by its look. (Cf. "Basilisk.")

III. iv. p. 101. **On carpet consideration.**—For service done in times of peace. Hence the contemptuous expression "carpet-knight."

IV. i. p. 112. **Lethe.**—The Greek word for "oblivion." A river of Hades, of whose water all souls were compelled to drink after leaving Tartarus, that they might entirely forget the past.

IV. ii. p. 112. **Sir Topas.**—Sir was the ordinary title for parsons in records and in address. The topaz was supposed to have the property of curing madness. Hence the name here.

IV. ii. p. 113. **The old hermit of Prague.**—Thought by Douce to be one Jerome, *hermit* of Camaldoli in Tuscany, who was born at Prague; but more probably he was a mythical personage invented by the clown.

IV. ii. p. 115. **"Hey, Robin, jolly Robin."**—A ballad to be found in Percy's *Reliques.*

IV. ii. p. 116. **Five wits.**—A poem by Stephen Hawes, entitled *Graunde Amoure*, 1554, mentions the *five wits* as "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory."

IV. ii. p. 117. **Like to the old Vice.**—The "Vice" was one of the names given to the fool in the old moralities. His part consisted in striving to elude Death and play off tricks upon the Devil, to both of whom he finally succumbed. In the next verse, "Pare thy nails, dad," is a

reference to the Vice's offer to cut the nails of the Devil with the "dagger of lath" which he carried.

IV. iii. p. 119. **The chantry by.**—A "chantry" was a little chapel, or a particular altar in a church, endowed for the purpose of chanting masses for the souls of the dead.

V. i. p. 125. **The Egyptian thief.**—Thyamis, a robber chief, fell in love with Chariclea. He seized her and shut her up in a cave, with the intention of marrying her, but being overpowered by a stronger band of robbers, Thyamis attempted to kill Chariclea rather than lose her.

V. i. p. 129. **A passy-measure pavin.**—"Passy-measure" is a corruption of the Italian word *passamezzo*, which Florio translated "a pass-a-measure, in dancing a cinque pace." "Pavin," derived from Italian *pavo*, a peacock, was the name of a stately dance.

GLOSSARY

Ability: means, wealth. III. iv. p. 106.
Abuse: deceive. III. i. p. 81.
Adheres: harmonises. III. iv. p. 94.
Admire: wonder. III. iv. p. 97.
Adverse: hostile. V. i. p. 123.
Advise you: be careful. IV. ii. p. 116.
Affectioned: affected, foppish. II. iii. p. 59.
Allow me: make me. I. ii. p. 26.
Arbitrement: decision. III. iv. p. 102.
Argument: proof. III. ii. p. 84.
Attends: awaits. III. iv. p. 100.
Back-trick: term used in dancing: a backward caper. I. iii. p. 31.
Baffled: made a fool of. V. i. p. 137.
Barful: full of difficulty. I. iv. p. 34.
Bawbling: trifling. V. i. p. 122.
Bawcock: a term of jocose admiration. III. iv. p. 95.
Before me: on my word! II. iii. p. 60.
Bent: strain. II. iv. p. 63.
Besides: out of. IV. ii. p. 116.
Bide: bear, undergo. II. iv. p. 66.
Bird-bolts: short blunt arrows. I. v. p. 39.
Botcher: one who patches old clothes. I. v. p. 37.
Bottom: vessel. V. i. p. 122.
Brabble: quarrel, brawl. V. i. p. 122.
Branched: embroidered with designs of flowers and branches. II. v. p. 69.
Breach: surf. II. i. p. 50.
Breast: voice. II. iii. p. 54.
Brock: badger. II. v. p. 72.
Buttery: where drink and food were kept. I. iii. p. 29.
Cantons: cantos. I. v. p. 46.
Case: skin. V. i. p. 127.
Cataian: Chinese; a liar or cheat. II. iii. p. 56.
Chantry: a chapel. IV. iii. p. 119.
Checks: technical expression in falconry, when a hawk forsakes her appointed prey. II. v. p. 72.
Cherry pit: a boy's game, played with cherry-stones. III. iv. p. 95.
Cheveril: kid. III. i. p. 77.
Clear-stories: clerestory, the row of windows along the upper part of a church. IV. ii. p. 114.
Clodpole: fool, blockhead. III. iv. p. 98.
Cloyment: satiety. II. iv. p. 66.
Cockney: an effeminate creature, a mere talker. IV. i. p. 109.
Codling: an unripe apple. I. v. p. 41.
Combination: marriage. V. i. p. 137.
Commerce: conversation. III. iv. p. 98.
Commodity: quantity, package. III. i. p. 78.
Competent: sufficient. III. iv. p. 101.
Competitors: conspirators. IV. ii. p. 113.
Comptible: susceptible. I. v. p. 42.
Con: commit to memory. I. v. p. 42; II. iii. p. 59.
Conceited: terrified (through their working on his imagination) *conceit*=imagination. III. iv. p. 103.

Conclusions: arguments. V. i. p. 121.
Conduct: escort, convoy. III. iv. p. 101.
Consequently: afterwards. III. iv. p. 93.
Constant: consistent. IV. ii. p. 114.
Constellation: the star you were born under. I. iv. p. 34.
Convents: becomes convenient. V. i. p. 137.
Coranto: a lively French dance. I. iii. p. 32.
Coystrill: a poltroon. I. iii. p. 28.
Coziers: cobblers. II. iii. p. 57.
Credit: note. IV. iii. p. 118.
Cruelty: cruel one. II. iv. p. 65.
Cucullus non facit monachum: 'the cowl does not make the monk.' I. v. p. 87.
Curst: cross, crabbed. III. ii. p. 86.
Cut: a horse with its tail docked. II. iii. p. 61.
Day-bed: sofa. II. v. p. 69.
Deceivable: deceptive. IV. iii. p. 118.
Dedication: devotion. V. i. p. 123.
Delay: detention. I. v. p. 39.
Denay: refusal. II. iv. p. 67.
Diluculo surgere: "*saluberrimum est*," 'to rise early is most healthy.' II. iii. p. 53.
Dimension: bodily form. I. v. p. 46; V. i. p. 131.
Dismount: draw. III. iv. p. 100.
Disorders: misdeeds. II. iii. p. 57.
Divulged: reported, reputed. I. v. p. 46.
Dry: dull, insipid. I. v. p. 36.
Dry: "hand ——," not the hand of a lover, which would be moist. I. iii. p. 29.
Enlarge: set free. V. i. p. 132.
Expenses: a gratuity. III. i. p. 78.
Extent: seizure, attack. IV. i. p. 111.
Extracting: distracting. V. i. p. 133.
Extravagancy: vagrancy. II. i. p. 49.
Fadge: suit, fit. II. ii. p. 52.
Fall: "a dying ——"; a cadence. I. i. p. 21.
Fancy: love. I. i. p. 22, etc.
Fat: distasteful. V. i. p. 125.
Favour: face. II. iv. p. 62, etc.
Feelingly: precisely. II. iii. p. 60.
Fire-new: brand new. III. ii. p. 85.
Fond: dote. II. ii. p. 52.
Formal: sane, rational. II. v. p. 72.
Fraught: freight. V. i. p. 122.
Free: light-hearted. II. iv. p. 63.
Galliard: a lively, rapid dance. I. iii. p. 32.
Gaskins: wide hose. I. v. p. 36.
Geck: a fool, dupe. V. i. p. 135.
Giddily: lightly, disdainfully. II. iv. p. 65.
Gin: trap. II. v. p. 71.
Grace: virtue. V. i. p. 121.
Grain: "in —"; natural. I. v. p. 45.
Gratillity: gratuity. II. iii. p. 54.
Greek: an old name for a reveller. IV. i. p. 109.
Grise: step. Lat.: *gressus*. III. i. p. 82.
Grizzle: a touch of grey. V. i. p. 127.
Gust: appetite, inclination. I. iii. p. 27.
Haggard: an untrained hawk. III. i. p. 79.
Hale: bring. III. ii. p. 86.
Having: possessions, belongings. III. iv. p. 106.
Hold the bent: endure the strain. '*Bent*' is a technicality in archery. II. iv. p. 63.
Honesty: sense of fitness. II. iii. p. 57.
Hull: drift to and fro. I. v. p. 43.
Impeticos: impetticoat, *i.e.* give it to the woman. II. iii. p. 54.
Importance: importunity. V. i. p. 136.

Incredulous: incredible. III. iv. p. 94.
Jealousy: fear. III. iii. p. 88.
Jets: struts. II. v. p. 69.
Jump: coincide, concur. V. i. p. 131.
Lapsed: caught. III. iii. p. 89.
Leasing: the capacity for lying. I. v. p. 39.
Leman: lover. II. iii. p. 54.
Lenten: poor, meagre. I. v. p. 35.
Lets: hinders. V. i. p. 131.
Lies: lives. III. i. p. 77.
Lighter: less important. V. i. p. 135.
Limed: caught with bird-lime, trapped. III. iv. p. 93.
List: end. III. i. p. 80.
Liver: the passions were commonly believed to take rise in the liver. II. iv. p. 66; III. ii. p. 85.
Lowly: base. III. i. p. 81.
Malapert: pert, cheeky. IV. i. p. 111.
Maugre: in spite of. III. i. p. 83.
Meddle: fight. III. iv. p. 101.
Metal of India: golden one. The second folio gives "nettle," indicating the *stinging* quality of the joke Maria intends playing upon Malvolio. II. v. p. 68.
Minion: favourite. V. i. p. 125.
Misprision: mistake, misconception. I. v. p. 37.
Mortal: deadly. III. iv. p. 102.
Mouse: a term of affection. I. v. p. 37.
Nayword: watchword. II. iii. p. 59.
Nicely: in a finicking fashion. III. i. p. 77.
Notorious: great. V. i. p. 135.
Nuncio: messenger. I. iv. p. 34.
Opposite: antagonistic, hostile. II. v. p. 98; opponent. III. ii. p. 87, III. iv. p. 102.
Othergates: otherwise. V. i. p. 129.
Parish top: see Notes. I. iii. p. 28.
Passages: acts, deeds. III. ii. p. 87.
Peevish: wilful, perverse. I. v. p. 48.
Perdy: *Par Dieu!* By God! IV. ii. p. 115.
Perpend: consider carefully. V. i. p. 133.
Perspective: instrument for producing optical illusions. V. i. p. 130.
Pia mater: thin membrane that covers the brain. I. v. p. 39.
Pluck on: cause, call forth. V. i. p. 136.
Point-de-vise: precisely. II. v. p. 74.
Points: the tags or laces which supported the hose. I. v. p. 35.
Possess: tell, inform. II. iii. p. 59.
Practice: trick. V. i. p. 136.
Praise: appraise. I. v. p. 45.
Pranks: adorns. II. iv. p. 65.
Pregnant: artful. II. ii. p. 52.
Presently: immediately. III. iv. p. 99.
Prevented: anticipated. III. i. p. 80.
Private: privacy. III. iv. p. 94.
Probation: examination. II. v. p. 73.
Proper: handsome. III. i. p. 82; own, V. i. p. 134.
Propertied: controlled, seized upon. IV. ii. p. 116.
Propriety: character. V. i. p. 126.
Question: "contempt of ——,' 'without a doubt,' (cf. "*in loss of question*," *M. for M.* II. iv. p. 66.) II. v. p. 71.
Quick: lively. I. i. p. 18.
Quirk: whim, freak. III. iv. p. 101.
Receiving: intelligence. III i. p. 82.
Recover: attain. II. iii. p. 61.
Round: frank. II. iii. p. 57.
Rudesby: unmannerly fellow. IV. i. p. 111,
Rule: behaviour. II. iii. p. 58.
Sad: serious, solemn. III. iv. p. 90.

Saws: axioms, adages. III. iv. p. 105.
Scathful: harmful. V. i. p. 122.
Semblative: imitative of. I. iv. p. 34.
Sheep-biter: paltry thief. II. v. p. 67.
Shent: scolded, reproved. IV. ii. p. 116.
Shrewishly: sharply. I. v. p. 42.
Sink-a-pace: a corruption of French *cinq pas*, a dance of five steps or paces. I. iii. p. 32.
Silly sooth: simple truth. II. iv. p. 63.
Skills: matters. V. i. p. 133.
Skipping: light, vain. I. v. p. 43.
'Slid: corruption of "God's lid," an oath. III. iv. p. 108.
'Slight: "God's light," an oath. II. v. p. 69; III. ii. p. 85.
Slough: a cast skin (of a serpent). II. v. p. 78.
Sneck-up: equivalent to our modern 'Go and be hanged!' II. iii. p. 57.
Sophy: Shah of Persia. II. v. p. 103.
Sowter: the name of a hound. II. v. p. 72
Spinsters: spinners. II. iv. p. 63.
Spleen: immoderate mirth. III. ii. p. 87.
Squash: an unripe peas-cod. I. v. p. 41.
Staniel: common stone hawk. II. v. p. 72.
State: rules of elegant manners. II. iii. p. 59.
Stone-bow: a cross-bow for discharging stones. II. v. p. 69.
Stoop: a vessel for holding liquor. II. iii. p. 58.
Stout: haughty. II. v. p. 74.
Strange: reserved. II. v. p. 74.
Strangeness: reserve. iv. i. p. 109.
Stuck: a thrust in fencing. III. iv. p. 103.
Substractors: Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors." I. iii. p. 28.
Swaths: the grass that falls under one stroke of the scythe in mowing. II. iii. p. 59.
Taffeta: shot silk. II. iv. p. 65.
Tall: bold, valorous. I. iii. p. 27.
Taste: test. III. iv. p. 80.
Taxation: demand. I. v. p. 44.
Testril: tester, sixpence. II. iii. p. 54.
Time-pleaser: time server. II. iii. p. 59.
Travel of regard: glance around. II. v. p. 69.
Tray-trip: a game similar to backgammon. II. v. p. 75.
Tuck: a rapier. III. iv. p. 100.
Ungird: unbend, relax. IV. i. p. 109.
Unhatched: not blunted by use. III. iv. p. 101.
Validity: value. I. i. p. 18.
Viol-de-gamboys: Sir Toby's blunder for *viol-da-gamba*, violoncello or bass-viol, a fashionable instrument at the time. I. iii. p. 27.
Vox: voice, 'mouthing.' V. i. p. 133.
Wain-ropes: wagon-ropes. III. ii. p. 86.
Waters: rôles. IV. ii. p. 115.
Welkin: the sky. II. iii. p. 55; III. i. 79.
Whipstock: the handle of a whip. II. iii. p. 54.
Windy: safe. III. iv. p. 97.
Woodcock: supposed to be a brainless bird. II. v. p. 71; IV. ii. p. 115.
Worth: possession. III. iv. p. 88.
Yare: prompt. III. iv. p. 100.
Zanies: mimics. I. v. p. 38.

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